

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
Sweet childhood will tarry at rest but a while;
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "Good-night!"
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light;
And may be—God knows!—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it:—"God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye;
The night may be long ere you see them again;
And motherless children may call you in vain!

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night.

THE MYSTERIOUS BELL.

From the remote ages of the past until the present time, poets have delighted in describing in verse the grace and exquisite beauty of the female form. Artists have vied with one another in portraying the gracefulness that so well becomes the daughters of our land. But beautiful as may be the features of woman, her beauty is far from being perfect if her form is inelegant and her manners ungraceful.

Viola St. Pierre possessed in the highest degree all these attributes of maidenhood. Many a rich lady who walked the streets of A—envied her natural beauty of person. Her eyes were as soft as a dove's, and in them rested, at times, a light that seemed not of earth; her mouth, small, yet well-shaped, rivalled the rose in the intensity of its hues. Her deportment toward others was marked by deep respect, while her disposition was a noble one. Yet melancholy had often left its traces on her fair features. She who beheld the mournful side of life was alike susceptible to the influence of its darkness.

She had her lovers; there was one—Castello Marcus—who endeavored to win her affections that he might worship her as he would adore a costly treasure; there was another whose wealth was a kind heart and the highest attributes of manhood; who made no pretense to worldly acquirements, but whose aim in life had been the acquisition of those gifts whose existence is eternal.

Charles Vane had early won the love of Viola St. Pierre, and well did he deserve her affections. As time passed on, they became more and more endeared to each other. Her father received the intelligence of their love with some surprise; but he made no effort to sever the tie that bound their young hearts. He was well acquainted with Charles, and his opinion of the young man's excellent qualities was of the highest order. His only regret was that he was not more wealthy.

Charles Vane was a man who had won a large circle of friends—friends who were bound to him by sterling friendship. They who are endeared to us by kindness are more steadfast in their devotion, and truer in their feelings, than they who endeavor to win our friendship for the sake of the wealth that we possess. Our hero prided himself in winning the respect and esteem of the former class; the latter he gave no encouragement.

The summer, with its fragrant flowers and airs of balm, had been fraught with many a joyous meeting between Charles and Viola. Together they roamed the enchanting fields and smiling valleys, breathing words of endearment, and living in the paradise of love. Those were halcyon moments; but as time is ever passing from us, so vanished those summer days from the lives of Viola and her lover. When autumn, with its somber hues, made its appearance in the land, Charles Vane mysteriously disappeared from A—. For a time his absence excited no alarm in the minds of any save Viola's; but as day after day rolled by, and naught was heard of him, diligent search was finally instituted; but its results proved fruitless.

The grief that befalls mankind after a season of joyousness is more poignant than any other. The non-appearance of Charles Vane deeply grieved the young spirit of Viola. The love that she cherished for him was too intense for her to easily forget him. The lines of sadness became plainer on her beautiful features, and her cheerful laugh, that so often rang out, was heard less frequently. She beheld the countenances of her friends radiant with smiles, and felt that they were happy, but she stood aloof from them, a victim to sorrow.

It was early one evening in November when Viola sat alone in her room, gazing on the starry night, and listening to the mournful sighing of the wind. She had just finished reading that beautiful and soul-stirring poem—*Evangelino*—and the book now lay carelessly in her lap. She was thinking of those happy days when he whom she loved with all the intensity of her young heart had rambled with her among the vales and

meadows. She recalled to mind the words of devotion that he had so often breathed in her ear, and she wondered, with a despondent spirit, if she should ever behold his manly form. For the fate of Charles Vane was still enwrapped in mystery, and that very uncertainty of his destiny served to keep the fires of sorrow still burning in her heart.

As she sat in her room, she heeded not the flight of time. So absorbed was she in meditation, that she failed to detect the entrance of Mr. St. Pierre. A hand laid on her shoulder aroused her from her reverie. Raising her eyes she beheld her father at her side.

"How sad you look this evening, Viola!" he said.

"You should not cherish such sorrowful thoughts, my child. Your grief can never bring him back, and it only wears your life away. Cast aside your sadness, and let me again behold your soft eyes sparkle with the light of happiness."

"It is the uncertainty of his fate, father, that causes me to worry so much about him; I wish I, too, were dead!"

"Viola!" said her father, solemnly, "it is wrong to entertain such thoughts. We have no right to question Providence."

She did not reply, and Mr. St. Pierre, noticing her abstraction, said,—

"I trust, Viola, that you'll heed my words. Good-night."

"Good-night, papa."

He turned and left the room.

"I don't like Viola's despondency," thought Mr. St. Pierre; "I am afraid it will lead to something terrible."

A few days after the above conversation, Viola met her former lover, Castello Marcus, who had been absent from town for some time. He was a Castilian of the purest type, but well versed in English manners. He was very much in love with Viola, as her father knew. The latter made inquiries in regard to Castello's character, but no one seemed to know much about him. Many stories were afloat in regard to his wealth, and these reports, added to his attractive manners, made a deep impression on the young ladies of A—. But he seemed to care for none save Viola. She treated him kindly, yet bore him no love; that holy passion of her heart belonged to Charles Vane.

Mr. St. Pierre endeavored to persuade his daughter to learn to love Castello Marcus, but she replied that while the memory of Charles remained in her mind no one else could win her affections.

"Foolish child!" exclaimed Mr. St. Pierre, in the midst of a conversation with Viola; "let the past bury your lover; he will in all probability never return. If you marry Castello Marcus, you'll be laden with riches."

"I cannot love him, father, and can never forget Charles Vane. Night after night I see him in my dreams. Something, I know not what, whispers to me that he is dead. God grant that my suspicions will prove false, for were I to know that some terrible fate had befallen him, it would break my heart."

In vain her father persuaded her to relinquish all thoughts in regard to her missing lover; he might as well have endeavored to clasp the rainbow. Then he grew harsh and morose and commanded her to wed Marcus; and poor Viola's life became a burden to her.

It was late one night, some months after she had been introduced to Castello Marcus, that she sat gazing at the portrait of Charles Vane. She seemed more sorrowful than usual, and her eyes had a wild expression. That day her father had been unusually harsh, and she was harassed beyond endurance.

It was May—the month of poetical dreams. In the heavens the moon was floating in its fullest splendor. Beyond the stars shed their silvery light on hill and vale, while the branches of the trees swayed mournfully to and fro. The wind chanted its requiem, and tenderly kissed the sleeping flowers.

Viola, after looking at the portrait for some time, placed it in her bosom. She then left the house. Like a spectre, she glided across the street, and opening a door that had been left unlocked, she entered St. Mark's church. She walked along in the gloom with as much ease as if it were daylight. Going into a little room, she fell on her knees, and in a voice broken with sighs, she lifted her

heart in prayer.

"Father, forgive me if I do wrong, but my sorrow is greater than I can bear."

She then walked to where the bell rope was fastened, and mounting a chair, tied the rope around her neck and sprang forward. The bell rang twice, then all was still.

That knell sounded to other ears than Viola's. Her father also heard the mournful sound.

"Viola, Viola!" he cried. "Did you hear the bell?"

There was no answer. A horrible thought flashed instantly across his mind. Procuring a lantern, he rushed across the street, and entered the church. Going into a small room, he beheld the lifeless form of his daughter hanging before him. For a moment he hardly stirred; then with a loud cry, he sank senseless on the floor.

The following day was the Sabbath. When the sexton went to church to ring the bell for morning services, he beheld Mr. St. Pierre with the lifeless form of his daughter in his arms. His hair turned white, and he moved to and fro, muttering in a wild voice—

"A wake, Viola, awake!"

The light of reason had departed from him. He was tenderly led away from the church, and taken to his home. In a short time he died of a broken heart.

And now a report was circulated stating that Marcus had murdered Charles Vane. A warrant was immediately issued for his arrest, but he had fled. Retributive justice, however, soon overtook him. As he was in the act of stepping on board a train, his foot slipped and he fell under the cars, the wheels passing over him and crushing his body in a horrible manner.

At every anniversary of Viola St. Pierre's death it is said that the bell of St. Mark's church in A—strikes twice in a mournful manner. If any one should ask who rings it the people of A—would make answer:

"It is the spirit of Viola St. Pierre."

Worthy Thoughts.

Let our repentance be a lively will, a firm resolution. Complaints and mourning over past errors avail nothing.

Those who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us. True progress requires either faithful friends or severe enemies.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. Be true to yourself, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience.

Every act of intoxication puts nature to the expense of a fever in order to discharge the poisonous draught. When this is frequently repeated, it is very easy to foresee the consequences to the victim of debauch.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not marks of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition and of unspeakable love.

All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman is suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade please.

How to Lie.

Raciporski, the great German physiologist, states that the heating of the earth by the sun causes magnetic currents from the equator to each pole. We should, lie, therefore, in the directions of these currents; if we lie across them the result is unpleasant, and want of sleep is the consequence. The head to the north is the best position—to the west the worst. Physicians who have charge of hospitals all attend to the direction in which the beds are placed—and with the best result. When the Prince of Wales was ill of fever, and he suffered much from sleeplessness attention was drawn to the position of his bed, which was placed in the proper direction, and with the happiest result.

The Volunteer Soldier.

On opening the knapsack of the American soldier, one was almost sure to find in it a few books, and generally a Bible, which he read in the evening, without hiding from his comrades. An inkstand, a piece of blotting-paper, some envelopes, ornamented with monograms, badges and portraits completed the assortment. He made, in fact, abundant use of the liberality of the Government, which transported all his letters postage free. A large carpet-bag hung up against the tent of the adjutant of each regiment, served as a letter-box; and a few hours of rest sufficing to fill it, it was often necessary to empty it twice a day. The 11th Massachusetts, numbering only 863 officers and men, has been cited as having sent off from its camp near Washington an average of four thousand five hundred letters weekly—that is to say, each soldier wrote from five to six letters in seven days. Consequently, the arrival and departure of the mail played a great part in camp-life. Together with the correspondence, the mail brought enormous packages of newspapers, which ragged boys, both on foot and on horseback, distributed in great haste, even to the remotest corners of the camp. They were frequently seen crying their papers on the very field of battle, and selling them to the wounded, scarcely able to rise. In every tent the latest news brought by daily papers was read in the evening and eagerly discussed, while the soldier on duty, if he thought himself unobserved, walked up and down with his musket in one hand and his newspaper in the other.—*THE COUNT OF PARIS' "Civil War in America."*

Benefits of Total Abstinence.

The London Spectator says: "One of the most interesting inferences to be drawn from the records of the Arctic Expedition appears to be that the total abstinence—at least, those of the total abstainers who had been in the habit of total abstinence for some time before the Arctic expedition—were apparently much less liable to scurvy, and able to do much more work, under greater exposure to cold, than those who took the ordinary proportion of alcohol. The total abstainers on the "Alert"—the ship whose crew suffered the greatest privations—surpassed the rest of the crew in the work they did. Ayles had been out 110 days and Malley 98, and neither of them was attacked by scurvy, indeed, both enjoyed good health. Yet Ayles (who is a teetotaler of many years standing) was absent on one occasion eighty-four days from the ship in one expedition. Indeed, scurvy attacked every member of this ship's party except Ayles and Lieutenant Aldrich, and the latter, though not a total abstainer, was the next thing to it, so greatly did he dilute his grog. So, too, Henry Petty, of the "Discovery," a total abstainer of some years' standing, entirely escaped scurvy, in spite of great exertions. On the whole, the evidence of the expedition is decidedly favorable to the supposed utility of alcohol. Captain Nares threw some doubt on the inference as to alcohol, but he did not deny that the above statements were true."

Wendell Phillips on Public Schools.

Wendell Phillips thinks our public school system is very faulty. At the American Social Science meeting the other day he said: "The fact is that many young people, graduates of our public schools, are not capable of doing any work for which any one should pay a dollar. Thousands of our public school graduates can not write a decent letter at fifteen, nor even read a newspaper well. The old New England system, which made a boy work six months by his father's side on the farm or in the workshop after he had been six months at school, was better than the present one. From such a system it was possible to get such a man as Theodore Parker. Now, the public school hands a child to its parents with no means of earning its bread." He said he was ashamed of the schools of Boston, when given work was compared with the education given to a Canadian, Scotch or English woman of the working classes. These women know how to write better letters and can spell more correctly than their American prototypes.

A Thrilling Scene.

The following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian cavalry a few months ago. Not far from 30,000 cavalry were in line. A little child—a girl—of not more than four years, standing in the front row of spectators, either from some cause or other, rushed out into the open field just as a squad of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron charging at a mad gallop—down directly on the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable—and such a terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a thousand iron hoofs. Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one—another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart hussar, who was in front line, without slackening his speed or losing his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it in safety on his saddle bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron. Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress. And a proud and happy moment it must have been for the hussar when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enamelled Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.

The Price of the Cauliflower.

Two gentlemen, many years ago, were walking through the fruit and vegetable market of Dublin. One of them remarked on the good-humor of the hucksters. "Yes," replied his friend, "they are good-natured, quick-witted, and obliging, but you can never get a direct answer from them."

"O, yes, you will," retorted the other gentleman, "if you put your question first."

"Well, let us try," said his friend, going up to an old woman who had a basket of vegetables before her.

"What's the price of this cauliflower?" "That cauliflower?" said she taking it up in her hand. "Sir, that's as fine a cauliflower as ever was seen in a garden or out of a garden."

"Well, but what is the price of it?" "The price! Never a prettier cauliflower could you see of a long summer's day."

"Well, well, it's pretty enough, but what's the price of it?"

"What's the price of it! Arrah, sir, you may talk of your tulips, and roses, and pinks, and wall-flowers, and gill-flowers, but the flower of all flowers is a cauliflower."

"But why not tell me the price of it?" "Ah, you'll not get such a cauliflower as this, sir, all over the market—here, feel the weight of it, sir."

And the two friends turned away in despair of learning by a direct answer the price of that cauliflower.

A QUEER CUSTOM IN LAPLAND.—Lapland mothers are not in the habit of staying at home with their babes. The Lapps are a very religious people, and take long journeys to hear their pastors. As soon as the family arrive at the little wooden church, and the reinder are secured, the father shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and the wraps the babe in skins and deposits it therein. Then the father piles the snow around it, and the dog is set on guard, while the parents go decorously into church. Often as many as thirty babies may be seen laid away in the snow about a church.

How much may be accomplished by untiring industry is shown by the example of a young man of San Francisco. He went to Virginia City, represented he was a clergyman, made the acquaintance of three persons, borrowed money from each to an aggregate of \$1,700, and ran away, all within a week.

An Icelandic Cave.

The interior of Iceland, as is generally known, is a great uninhabited, grassless desert, for the population (only about 70,000 for an area one fourth larger than Ireland) is mostly confined to the seashores and neighboring valleys. In going from coast to coast this desert must be crossed; it edges the inhabited land as the sea does on the other side, and gives a wild charm—for us, at least, who suffer from over-population. We were now on the borders of this region, crossing a great valley or plain of old lava, with a background of snow mountains.—The lava was rather like a very rent and crevassed glacier, but all black, the sombre coloring being only relieved by the patches of gray and yellow lichen. Right in the middle rose the isolated conical hill, Erick's Jokull, with dark crags below, and perpetual snow and ice above. Even on that sunny day, the scene conveyed the strongest impression of vast, weird, remote desolation. We rode over the lava till we reached a great gaping pit, and then dismounting, we clambered down over rough rocks into the cave of Surtshellir, which they say runs two miles underground. The floor of the cavern was of transparent hard ice, covered near the entrance with some inches of water. The last sight of daylight, looking back, was therefore very pretty, as the ice gave a perfect blue reflection of the overhanging rocks. New lighting candles, we scrambled over icy slopes. Down in the clear depths we could see strange black shapes of the lava, as Dante saw the traitors like flies in amber fix the ice of his frozen "Inferno." All this cavern must have been once a huge bubble in the boiling lava, and those fantastic boulders flung from some furious volcano. Then came the frost giants and made the place their summer palace; for when the cavern is at its highest, and the clear ice stands in tall columns, and fretted arches reaching to the roof, it is curious and pretty enough for any fairy tale. In the light of our torch, the whole place flashed back prismatic colors with a blazon that made our two little candles seem very dim when it was out. At the far end of the cave, in a hollow rock, we found seals and coins, and carved names, left by former travelers, some of them dating back from early in the century. We added our names, as we were the first ladies who had been in the caverns—not that there is any special difficulty about going there, but that, speaking broadly, no ladies travel in Iceland. We were glad to return to the warm daylight, feeling convinced that the outlaws who once inhabited these caves must soon have become the most rheumatic of men.—*Good Words.*

Who are Blessed.

Blessed is the man who minds his own business.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

Blessed is the man who can sew on his buttons when the baby is crying.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

Blessed is the rich relation who never looks down on you—when you are in the gutter.

Blessed is the poor relation who never looks up to you—for money.

Blessed are the married people who don't wish they were single.

Blessed are the single people that are content to remain so.

Blessed is the husband who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Blessed is the wife (formerly a widow) who never calls up the virtues of the "dear departed" for number 2 to emulate.

Blessed is the man who gives his wife ten cents without asking "what she is going to do with it."

Blessed is the woman who don't scold when the stove-pipe falls down on the dinner table—and blessed is the man that can fix it without swearing.

Blessed is the friend who never requires the loan of your tooth brush or umbrella.

Blessed is the neighbor who is so busy about his own affairs that he has no time to pry into yours.

A touching sight—At the end of a blind man's fingers.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1877.

Some years ago, a certain property was offered for sale, the stipulations being entered into the deed that "no nuisance should be permitted on the premises," and among these were included rather heterogeneously, "houses of ill-fame, public schools, Catholic churches, glue factories and stables." One lady in this city who has had the temerity to consider stable a nuisance, and that the presence of such a building has depreciated her property, has been perfectly overwhelmed with evidence to the contrary. Nothing so healthy and beneficial was ever known as that peculiar aroma that arises from a mews, and as to the kicking of horses, it was like songs of the seraphim when compared with the crying of a child, or the incessant practising of a beginner on a piano-forte, and no one thought of those as real estate bears. No decision has yet been rendered in the matter, but it is one of decided importance to those people who prefer the scent of lilies of the valley or roses, to bouquet de cheval, especially at the morning meal, and who are so terribly fastidious, that they do not enjoy it if accompanied by a continual fight with the buzzy blue-bottle.

Mrs. Lillian, Adelaide, Juliet, Rosalind, Imogen, etc., Neilson-Lee's divorce has occasioned some inquiry into our divorce laws, and a certain over-hauling of certain scandals connected with the lady's own case.

St. John's Guild is to be investigated, although the judges are said to be partisans, whose returns are a foregone conclusion, and who will not go behind the record. However that may be, the Rev. Morgan Dix does not think the Rev. Alvah Wiswall a proper person to have charge of so widespread a charity. The World published an account of his troubles with his wife, and there are whispers of a suit for libel, while Trinity Parish with the Rev. Dix at its head, is accused by the Guildites of jealousy and personal spite against the Rev. Alvah Wiswall.

While I am personally acquainted with both gentlemen, my knowledge of the latter is not sufficiently extended to permit me to form any opinion of his character, or whether he has any pet vices. He is not a specially attractive looking man, but seems rather proud of a long beard which he cultivates, while his clothes fit him as if bought of the Hebrew gentleman, who, gathering the extra fullness at the back in his hand, remarks: "That coat fits you yooost sho nice."

The Martha Washington entertainment for this charity of St. John's Guild, last week, was so far as decorations went, the finest of the season. Nilsson Hall was transformed into a bower of beauty, floral and human. Alexis came, and with him, Constantine, and the American belle craned her neck, dislocated her ankles, and left considerable of her drapery, beneath the footsteps of the fashionable mob, in her efforts to get one good look at him. The young ladies who served in the Russian division, had cause to congratulate themselves on their selection of country and costume, for they came in for a happy share of our imperial guests' attention. It is surprising what perfect frights they have become, "hold, forward minxes," in the estimation of their numerous, dear bosom friends, who were not so fortunate. "From all envy and uncharitableness," may do very well for ordinary every day life, but for a charity ball at the Academy with a Grand Duke present, it loses effect.

Lively times are promised in Wall Street. Two Stock Boards and two Gold Exchanges, bid fair to keep things up to the mark. It is the bears' end of the see-saw now, but the bulls say, "they will toss them higher than Reecher's Life of Christ, before many days."—Don't attribute this comparison to me. It is only a little metaphorical way these mercenary gentlemen have, which even the exertions of the Widow Van Cott, Dr. Patten, "Awful" Gardiner and others, have not yet been able quite to modify.

Two of the counsels in the Joe Coburn case, came to fisticuffs in the rotunda of the Astor House. No blame is attached to either party as they are supposed to have caught the disease from the renowned Joe.

The gardener of the University of Berlin has made the discovery that hyacinths may be propagated by their leaves. He cuts them close to the bulb, places them in a saucer, and covers with a thin layer of sandy leaf mould. The saucer having been placed in a green house, the extremities of the leaves will begin to turn dry in about eight weeks, a sure sign that bulbs are growing out of them.

A smart school-boy says it takes thirteen letters to spell cow, and proves it thus: "See O! double you."

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If every subscriber will refuse to grant the privilege which their neighbors seek, of reading their JOURNAL every week, and tell them that it is to their interest to subscribe for themselves, they will do their duty towards establishing the permanency of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Institution Reports.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

We have received a copy of the Ninth Annual Report of the Clarke Institution for Deaf-mutes, located at Northampton, Mass., for the year ending Sept. 1st, 1876. This institution is under the general direction and supervision of a corporate board of members, and has its treasurer, a school committee of six gentlemen, and a finance committee of three. The Principal of the school is Miss Harriet B. Rogers. Her associate Principal is Miss Caroline A. Yale. Miss E. Emma Grover is the special teacher of articulation. The other four teachers are Mary E. Potwin, Ruth Witter, Mary P. Bardwell, and Katharine Allen. There is also a steward, matron, assistant matron, two attendants, a master of cabinet shop and a supervising farmer. This institution is especially adapted to the education of semi-deaf and semi-mute pupils, but others may be admitted. It provides for the pupil's tuition, board and lodging, caring also for his health, conduct, manners and morals. Including all these, the charges are \$350 a year, but in cases where tuition alone is required the charge is \$80. The Massachusetts Legislature provides funds for the maintenance of the institution. There are two terms in the year of twenty weeks each. Pupils must be at least five years old. The common or grammar course extends through seven years. The high course is completed in ten years. The system of instruction is thorough, and besides embracing the common branches, comprises algebra, geometry, physiology, chemistry and astronomy. The course of instruction in Sunday-school embraces the Gospels, the Old Testament history, the Psalms, the Prophecies, the Acts and the Epistles. The system of instruction—articulation—is not claimed by the officers of the school to be faultless nor of universal application to deaf-mutes, but they do claim that a large proportion can be taught speech and lip-reading, and that it need not impede their mental development. The present valuation of the real and personal estate of the institution is upwards of \$350,000, of which about \$250,000 constitutes the fund created by the legacies of the late John Clarke, Esq., from whom the institution is named. During the year there were 61 different pupils. All the pupils receive special instruction in articulation and voice-culture, from one to two hours daily being employed for this purpose. The financial statement of the institution shows that for the year the receipts were \$35,250.09. The whole number of boys present was 33 and of girls 28. The progress of the pupils in their studies and in lip-reading was good. The proficiency of the pupils is such as to reflect much credit upon all concerned in the management of the Clarke Institution.

MINNESOTA.

Through the compliments of J. L. Noyes, the Superintendent, we are in receipt of the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, for the year ending November 30th, 1876. The President of the Board respectfully asks that the current expenses of the institution be increased to 28,000.00, an advance of \$2,000.00, in order to start and maintain a respectable printing office in the deaf-mute department, to add apparatus and books from year to year to both the deaf-mute and the blind departments, and to introduce some practical handicraft for the blind. He also asks for the sum of \$40,000.00 for the

erection and complete inclosure of the main center of the building for the deaf and dumb. There were in attendance at the institution for a longer or shorter time 125 pupils, of whom 103 were deaf-mutes and 22 blind children. At the making up of the Superintendent's report the number in actual attendance was 99, consisting of 84 deaf-mutes and 15 blind children. The superintendent accords much credit to the teachers for the manner in which they discharged their duties. Good progress has been made by the pupils of both departments of the institution. The number of uneducated deaf-mutes in the State is 80, number of uneducated blind 16; total of both classes 96. Deplorable as this statement may appear, it is safe to assume that if pupils were taken to hunt up the uneducated blind and the deaf and dumb of the State of New York, she would, in consideration of her wealth and earlier settlement, have little cause for boasting over Minnesota in the matter of the numbers of her uneducated. It is greatly hoped that more strenuous efforts will be put forth by every State in the Union to educate all the deaf and dumb and the blind. It is neither profitable nor safe to permit so many of the deaf and dumb to grow up in ignorance and darkness.

KANSAS.

We have received a copy of the Eleventh Annual Report of the Kansas Institution, located at Olathe, for the year ending Nov. 30th, 1876. The chief executive officers of the Institution are: Theodore O. Bowles, Principal; Mary Emma Bowles, Matron; and Frank Lanter, Clerk. The educational department is taught by three male and two female teachers. The industrial department consists of a printing office (Edward W. Bowles, foreman), and a shoe shop (Charles H. Hyer, foreman). Mrs. Frank A. Lathrop is teacher of needle work. The intellectual progress of the pupils at present appears to be an improvement on that of former years. The industrial department is in successful operation. Sixteen boys work in the shoe shop. Ten boys and girls are working in the printing office, all of whom are making commendable progress. Thirty-three girls received daily instruction in the dress-making department, which includes cutting, fitting and making up clothes for both sexes, together with all kinds of plain and fancy sewing, knitting and embroidery.

The ordinary repairs of the year included fences, walks, gates, barn, painting of roofs, chimney-tops, and outside steps of the new building, shop building and floors, plastering and calceining of walls of old building, so that the premises present quite a renovated appearance.

The roll contains the names of 81 pupils, fifteen of whom are in the articulation class in charge of the principal. If the experiment proves a success, the class will be increased from time to time. The treasurer's account shows that the total receipts were \$12,731.01; the disbursements were \$11,099.71, leaving a balance on hand of \$1,631.30. Of the eighty-one pupils present at the date of the principal's report, 39 were males and 42 females. The rules of the institution limit the course of instruction to six years. Now that the learning of a trade has been added to the course of study, the principal recommends that two more years be added to the regular course, making in all eight years. He tenders grateful acknowledgments to the teachers for their uniform courtesy toward him and for the faithful performance of the multifarious duties connected with the institution. The real estate belonging to the Kansas Institution consists of 17½ acres of land and improvements in Olathe, \$30,000.00
160 acres of land 3 miles from Olathe, 1,600.00
Total value, \$31,600.00

The New Illinois Institution.

The following is from the Chicago Tribune of February 9th: Mr. Kearney introduced a bill for "An act to establish, locate, and maintain an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb in counties of the third class (Cook County) in the State of Illinois." The preamble sets forth that the distance of the institution at Jacksonville from Cook County renders the education of the deaf and dumb of that county impracticable, and that there are sufficient of these unfortunate in that county to warrant the establishment of such an institution there. The purchase of the "Student's Hall" building at Englewood, built by the County Commissioners, is what is contemplated under the bill, should it pass. We are glad to be able to record progress on a subject, which, from frequent perusal of the press of Illinois, we are convinced is a pertinent one. Some may think it strange that we advocate the establishment of successive schools for the deaf in various localities outside our own State. We believe in encouraging every worker in a cause calculated to benefit the deaf, and this is a sufficient answer, or would be, if standing alone; but having partaken of some good, we are anxious others shall share it. When we speak upon this question, we wish it understood that we claim the right to do so because

- (1) Of our duty as a newspaper.
 - (2) We tackled the problem at home, and successfully solved it.
 - (3) Of the experience obtained in efforts to better the condition of the deaf of our own State.
- Two Institutions have been started in our own State within the past two years, one being hardly five months old; yet they have nearly a hundred and fifty pupils between them, while the attendance at the old New York Institution keeps pretty much up to its accustomed maximum. In the case of the older of these two, before itself was a year old there went up a cry of "more room," and they will refuse to be silenced until satisfied,

which, happy event we hope soon to record.

Illinois is not a small State by any means, nor is she sparse of population, and the figures at the last canvass, made with regard to the new institution, and which were given at the time in memorials, letters to the editors of various papers, etc., show that there is plenty of ground for all efforts, if not a crying need. Of course nobody doubts the possibility of extending the buildings of the institution at Jacksonville, to a capacity *ad infinitum*. It is not in the nature of things to do so, however, and even if it were, it could not be done in a hurry, and meantime the deaf living out of the range of vision would be the only ones hurt. Besides, aggregation in matters of instruction is not wise.

Whenever deaf-mutes are found within a proper radius, in numbers sufficient to supply a school, the policy and the humanity is to locate a school in that section. Nearness to the paternal roof is a great thing, and guardians are, on this account, all the more willing to send them, which they too often refuse to do when the school is scores of miles away.

The various State common school systems which allow the speaking child to be taught in its own town, should be imitated as far as possible in the care of deaf-mutes; and whenever or wherever we see it attempted, we cheerfully give encouragement.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Mar. 11th.

The Psalter for the 11th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Micah vi.

2d Lesson—Luke xix, verse 25th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Habakkuk iii.

2d Lesson—Philippians i.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday in Lent.

Sunday, Mar. 18th.

The Psalter for the 18th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Haggai ii to v, 10th.

2d Lesson—Luke xxi.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Zechariah xiii.

2d Lesson—Philippians iii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifth Sunday in Lent.

The New England Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes.

Eliza Morrison, of Peterborough, who was one of the first pupils of the American Asylum for Deaf-mutes, located at Hartford, Conn., bequeathed at her death the sum of \$500 to the "N. E. Gallaudet Association of Deaf-mutes." This body held a convention at Salem, Mass., Feb. 22, 1876, and a board of trustees was appointed as custodians of the funds; since that time about \$500 more has been donated for this laudable purpose. The design of the trustees is to establish a Home for deaf-mutes, and to procure employment for such unfortunate. Two of the ten trustees belong in this State—Messrs. Albert Smith of Peterborough and Thomas Brown of West Henniker. Mr. Wm. B. Swett, a native of Henniker, now of Marblehead, Mass., is the general agent for the trustees.

We have this morning received a call from Mr. Samuel Hamilton, of Rockland, Me., an intelligent young gentleman, armed with tablets and pencil for communicating the wants he cannot speak. This gentleman is authorized to receive the subscriptions of those interested in the cause. He has already collected considerable sums from some of our principal citizens, and will remain here long enough to canvass the city in aid of the cause. It is a laudable charity, and must commend itself to all who have anything to spare. One of the most praiseworthy features of the undertaking, is that its object is to provide employment and make the deaf-mutes self-supporting.—*Manchester, N. H., Daily Union.*

To the Friends of Deaf-Mutes.

A notice has lately appeared in several of the Boston papers, calling attention of the public to the religious services and lectures held by a Society of Deaf-mutes, at their room in the J. A. Andrew Hall, corner Chauncy and Essex streets.

We wish to call attention to the character of the gentlemen of this city comprising its Board of Trustees, Martin Brimmer, Francis Brooks, Joseph Story, and James Sturgis, and to request the charitable disposed, who are willing to contribute to a good and worthy cause, to send their donations to Mr. James Sturgis, the Treasurer, No. 36 N. E. Life Ins. Co.'s Building, P. O. Square, by whom, they can rest assured, they will be faithfully applied towards providing religious instruction, lectures, &c., for the benefit of the only reliable Deaf-mute Society in Boston.

No person will be authorized to solicit subscriptions for this object without a certificate signed by the Treasurer, and in every case where donations are made to a collecting agent, or sent to the Treasurer, a receipt for the amount will be mailed from this office, as a guaranty that the amount so subscribed has been received; parties contributing and not receiving receipt within a reasonable time thereafter, are respectfully requested to make the fact known to the Treasurer.

JOHN T. TULLINGHAST,
New Bedford Mass.,
Geo. A. HOLMES,
Registry of Deeds Office,
Court Square, Boston,
Committee.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

PROF. W. E. CLARKE, one of the New York Institution, is now the Hon. William E. Clarke of the North Carolina Legislature, and a rising young lawyer in those parts.

This deaf and dumb man who was begging around town last week, said to a chum with whom he took a farewell glass before leaving town: "It is hard work to get an honest living this winter. I was blind at Syracuse, and nearly starved to death. Deaf and dumb business ain't much better. Mostly they wants me to saw wood before they feed me. I did try paltry for awhile last fall, but it's awful hard work, shakin' all day."—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Legislative visiting days have come. The Michigan Institution has had some notables from her capital, and all accounts agree that they captivated everybody.

The foreman of the printing office of the Nebraska Institution, a deaf-mute, recently took a canvassing trip, and returned with the names of 183 subscribers, which at fifty cents apiece, make up an amount large enough to make any paper rejoice.

We hear of a missionary of the Methodist Church, who, while conducting a powerful revival on the west coast of Africa, noticed a deaf and dumb young man among those gathered. There was no system of signs by which communication could be established to any extent, but in some way the young man understood he was a sinner.

One evening later the missionary and friends heard strange sounds on the bank of a stream, and going there found this deaf-mute groaning and crying, being under a deep conviction of sin, and was thus, as well as he knew, crying on God to forgive him. They tried to comfort him, but not succeeding, left him; but the next day he came to them, and by such natural signs as he could use, told them with radiant face his sense of forgiveness vouchsafed for his sins. Every one understood him, and many were moved to tears. Being satisfied of his real conversion, they baptised him, and named him Wm. TAYLOR. Not long afterwards he surprised the missionary by making known to him his desire to be ordained and allowed to preach the Gospel, although he could not speak a word, and had no system of signs. His request was not refused, for it was plain that he could, in his way win men to Christ. They therefore formally ordained him, as a preacher of the Methodist Church, and sent him out.

The account adds that he is there still, and at work with success, leading a great many to Christ. He goes from place to place, and in his own proof of what he tells, never failing to interest.

MR. E. L. VALENTE, until recently a teacher in the Indiana Institution, is credited with the remark before the Chicago Deaf-mute Society that the "Illinois Institution is the best in the United States, if not in the world."

THE Michigan Institution gets its meat at these figures: Beef, 7½ cts. per lb.; mutton, veal, pork, &c., 7 cts.; poultry, 9 cts.; pigs' feet and soup bones, 25 cts.; liver, 3 cts.

MISS HELEN M. DUNNING, a graduate of the New York Institution, and for several years a teacher in the Illinois Institution, started a private school for deaf-mutes at Galesburg, Ill., last fall. It now has seven pupils in attendance.

We notice a good deal of adverse comment going the rounds of the papers, on the recent mixing up of politics with the North Carolina Institute, by which the principal retired. It is a burning shame, viewed in whatever light it may be.

MARRIED:

CARPENTER—PIMM.—On Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1877, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. B. W. Hamilton, assisted by Prof. Z. P. Westervelt, Principal of the Western New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, Rochester, N. Y., as Interpreter, Mr. Abel B. Carpenter, of East Bloomfield, N. Y., and Miss Anna R. Pimm, of Wolcott, N. Y. Both are graduates of the New York Institution.

There were several deaf-mutes, besides the relatives of the bride, present at the wedding, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Cuddeback, of Lyons, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Benedict, of Victory, N. Y., and others. It was a very interesting event to both the speaking people and deaf-mutes present. The interpretation made by the professor was very clear and distinct. The professor was unknown to the entire gathering, but had become acquainted with Joshua, brother of the bride, by the latter's visit in Rochester some time ago. A letter was received from the editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, regretting that it was impossible for himself and wife to be at the happy ceremony.

COM.

OLIVE, ULSTER CO., N. Y., Sept. 6, '76. I have sold Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for some years past. It has taken the place of nearly all other cough remedies, with my customers. They seldom call for any other. I warrant it for general throat and lung diseases, and for croup and whooping cough, as safe and effectual.

STEPHEN W. WADE.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally. 50-4w.

—A few days since a little child living in a family near Dexterville, narrowly escaped being baked. The fire in the cook stove had nearly gone out when the man of the house put in a fresh supply of wood and happened to open the door and look into the oven, where he found one of his children asleep.—*Hanibal Reveille.*

—At 12 M., Sunday, when the duties of the new President begun, in accordance with his request, prayer was offered in the M. E. church in this village, by B. Holmes, D. D. He prayed that the President might be preserved from bodily harm, and be guided by divine wisdom in all his official acts. The prayer was a very appropriate one.

—The temperance movement is spreading in Syracuse. At a meeting held one evening last week, 674 persons signed the pledge.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Boston, Mar. 3, 1877.

ED. INDEPENDENT.—Gentle Spring introduces itself very modestly, and old Sol spreads himself over the remnants of Winter left in the streets and highways. The corner bummers enjoy the genial sunshine of the past few days. The hard times seem to disappear—and everybody is getting ready for a season of business activity.

MOODY AND SANKEY

Continue to draw the crowd. Their services are now largely attended by the country people, who organize excursions and attend *en masse*. The requests for prayers, sent in from all sections of the country, are for every conceivable vice, and for persons in every department of life. Among the late requests were for the orthodox ministers!

"Regret is expressed by the Executive Committee that the revival is furnishing an opportunity for several gentlemen of the cloth to air their views with annoying repetition. Since the inception of the movement here there has been a little coterie of persons who always take prominent seats on the platform and seize every chance to address the audiences which came to hear the revivalists or some of the clergy who have not yet spoken.

"Many more reserved seats have been posted off in front of the Tabernacle. 'Employed about the Tabernacle receiving but a dollar a day are complaining of the amount of labor and the number of hours required of them.'

THE STRUGGLE OVER.

Now that Mr. Hayes is counted in the Presidential Chair, it is only fair to wait and see what he will do in selecting his Cabinet and making other appointments. The hope is that he will not affiliate with, or galvanize into new life, the horde of unworthy men who have so long fattened at the crib, and polluted the name of Republican.

SWEET.

About 550 barks, brigs, and schooners are on the way to this port with sugar and molasses—all expecting to arrive in March and April.

NARROW GAUGE RAILROADS

Are successful in the passenger line traffic. The road from Boston to Lynn, on the sea-shore, is a perfect success. The stock of the company is above par, and the affairs of the road are very prosperous,—hourly trains in winter, and half-hourly in summer—at a fare of ten cents, accommodate the increasing travel between the two cities. The route is one of the pleasantest, out of Boston. Other roads—one to Providence, another to Watertown and Newton, with branches are already organized, and will soon be built.

A rush of business the past week forbids an extension of this letter—a gain to your readers.

YANKEE.

Hayes' Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The following nominations were received by the Senate, Wm. M. Evarts, New York, Secretary of State.
John Sherman, Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury.
Geo. W. McCrary, Iowa, Secretary of War.
Richard M. Thompson, Indiana, Secretary of the Navy.

Charles Devens, Massachusetts, Attorney General.
David M. Key, Tennessee, Postmaster General.
Carl Schurz, Missouri, Secretary of the Interior.

Republicans are divided as to the inaugural address into three parties, one favoring it, another denouncing it, and charging Hayes with Andrew Johnsonizing, and the third non-committal until they see the practical workings of the new policy. Democrats are no more unanimous in their opinion than Republicans. Conservatives are pleased, and those from the South especially give it hearty praise.

Duty of Overseers of Poor Concerning Drunkards.

As there is considerable dispute among some of our citizens, concerning the duty of Overseers of Poor in relation to drunkards, we publish the following from an act relating thereto:

When the overseers discover any person to be an habitual drunkard, it becomes their duty by writing to designate and describe such drunkard, and, by a written notice signed by them, require every merchant, distiller, shop keeper, grocer, tavern keeper, or other dealer in spirituous liquors, and every other person residing in the town or city, or town adjoining, not to give or sell under any pretence, any spirituous liquors to such drunkard. I. R. S. 636; 4th ed., 2d vol., 51; also Laws of 1840, chap. 229.

PENALTY FOR DISREGARDING NOTICE.

If, after the personal service of such notice, any of the class of persons above described, or any clerk, agent, or member of the family of such person, so served with notice, shall knowingly give or sell, in any manner, spirituous liquors to any such drunkard, except by the personal direction, or on the written certificate of some physician regularly licensed to practice according to law, stating that such liquor is necessary for the preservation or recovery of the health of such drunkard, the person so offending forfeits for every offence the sum of ten dollars.—*Id.*

—It may not be generally known that when you buy a ticket on our railroad, you can buy a return ticket, no matter where you are going. A ticket that reads "from Mexico to Watertown," is just as good from Watertown to Mexico, as if it read the other way.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

New York, Mar. 6, 1877.

It is very certain that the preparations made by the railway men for conveying passengers to the inauguration ceremonies were taken with a view to the fact that this is a Democratic city. Had Tilden been the elect the crowd from here would have been very great, but as it was very few Democrats cared to go. They stay at home and look anything but pleased. The politicians have enough to do at present in attending to their own affairs at Albany and the war of Woodin and Morrissey is taking up their attention. They are wild for retrenchment, admit its necessity, but insist that the people who should be subject to this decrease of salary shall be the school teachers and the firemen. Could a smaller mole hill be imagined from such mountainous travail? Public opinion is strongly against it and if any one suffers it will have to be some of the \$10,000 or \$15,000 men. They could afford to lose a little only that most of them are considered important to the party and, therefore, are to be kept in clover, preserved in case.

The last complaint of hard times comes from the pawnbrokers. They insist that while business is apparently greater, the articles offered are not worth so much. Family bibles have been a favorite thing on which to raise money. The family bible is not worth much to the nephew of his uncle in the way of obtaining a raise, but the avuncular relative declares that as a speculation "it's shoot no goot, it never has redeemed." Family portraits have also been freely offered with as little regard upon the part of the pawners for their ancestors as that renowned heir of English comedy displayed when selling off his to pay his debts. These are also unprofitable, unless the frames are worth something. Clothes come into the same category, for, as they cannot be sold for a year, they are out of fashion, and even your wearer of second hand clothing must have it in the latest style, and if as a fashion note says "the new hat looks as though a broad wheeled wagon had rolled over it," then the conical mother goose of last season will of course be worth nothing. So the gentlemen who deal under the three balls seem to have their troubles also, and Morets de Piete are losing concerns. Therefore it is not wise these hard times to open a pawnbrokers shop, or if you do don't lend money on bibles, family pictures or clothing.

The affairs of the St. John's Guild will undoubtedly receive a thorough overhauling. The trustees all seem anxious for this. There are strong parties on both sides, some in favor of the Master, while others believe him to be entirely out of place. Should any mismanagement or intentional alienation of funds be proven it will probably go far toward killing what was once an excellent charity, but which has grown to such large proportions that it was difficult to prevent errors creeping in. As far as the trustees are concerned, nothing except neglect to investigate and overlook matters a little more frequently and thoroughly can be alleged.

The city of Church debts is to have another one added to its list, but as Brigham Young is to be its backer, it is said to be out of place there. A Mormon tabernacle modeled after that in Salt Lake City is to be added to the numerous queer institutions we have here and in the dormitory and that come under the head of religious edifices.

An interesting lecture was delivered at the Cooper Union course on Saturday evening, by Dr. A. B. Crosby on "The Human Hand," and while it was in progress there was a great deal of examining upon the part of individuals of those special members. He declared it to be the most expressive portion of the body, and that the thumb governed the hand and seemed to be in sympathy with the brain. The fingers received their due share of attention. Spalators or parabolic fingers denoted a disposition to honest work, and were the useful sort, but such a person would lack delicacy of feeling and ideality. Square tipped fingers represent the methodical workers and conical an artistic and impulsive temperament. The lecture was eagerly listened to and many other points made.

I give your readers these few hints that they may compare them with their estimate of themselves and see if the Doctor's theories about fingers correspond with them.

President Hayes Taking the Oath.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—President Hayes took the oath of office at half-past 7 o'clock last evening in the red parlour of the White House. The only persons present were Gen. Grant and Secretary Fish as witnesses, and Chief Justice Waite, who administered the oath. The ceremony was performed by the uplifted hand, no bible being used. At its conclusion, the new President and the Chief Justice both signed the oath, which was then confided to the custody of the Secretary of State.

—Lorette C. Brown started for Denver, Col., two or three days ago. He intends to become a ranchman. We heard a young lady say that she hoped "he would do well," and we second the motion.

—Yesterday morning Mrs. Argersinger bid good bye to Cleveland and started on her long journey to the Indian Territory, where she has been appointed to a responsible position as teacher under the Government.—*Lakeside Press.*

—The friends of Mr. Geo. E. Williams, proprietor of the Fulton Times, gave him a surprise Feb. 27th, his 49th birthday. The occasion was a very enjoyable one to all present. We trust that friend Williams will live to see many more anniversaries of that day.

—We regret to learn that Geo. W. Stone is still very sick.

The Greenfield Trial.

GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

The jury in the Greenfield murder case went out about 2:30 p. m. Saturday. After getting into their room, the jurors, who were much exhausted by their long confinement, rested for a few minutes before approaching the solemn duty of deciding the life of a fellow being. A little discussion showed that the jurors were unanimously of the opinion that the testimony of the prisoner relative to seeing a light moving about in his house at a late hour on the night of the murder, and about his following Hines was not to be believed, and they were at a loss, upon the evidence, to account for Orlando's whereabouts for an hour or two about the time when the murder is supposed to have been committed. The first business of the jury was to determine the question of guilt. Ballots were prepared marked "guilty" and "not guilty." The ballot being taken there were twelve votes, "guilty." Under the charge of the court the next step was to determine the degree; ballots were prepared, and the vote resulted—twelve for murder in the first degree. The jury agreed and could have reported their verdict in half an hour, but they concluded that it would be in better taste to wait. At the end of about two hours the court was notified of an agreement.

NOTIFYING THE PRISONER.

Jailer Clark and an officer then started to bring in the prisoner, who had been removed to the jail when the jury went out. Jailer Clark went to Greenfield's cell and said to him: "Greenfield, the jury have agreed." Orlando said: "Have they? What is it?" Mr. Clark replied that he did not know and Orlando said he thought he was acquitted. Jailer Clark shook his head dubiously and said he was afraid it was bad. Orlando was quite cheerful and on the way up to the court house repeated his conviction that he was acquitted.

THE SCENE IN THE COURT HOUSE.

When the jury went up, the scene in the Court House was very exciting. A large part of the audience had not left their seats, and every neck was craned to see the jury, hoping that their faces might reveal something of Greenfield's fate. When the prisoner was brought in the rush was fearful; the constables at the doors were almost overcome. The crowd inside was something awful.

THE TRYING TEST.

Greenfield walked into the court room composedly and took his seat near his counsel. He was peering slightly from the hurried walk from the jail, and taking out his pocket handkerchief he wiped his face and settled himself for the verdict. Clerk Nelson rose to call the jury; the interest and anxiety was intense. The call being completed the Clerk said: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The foreman rose, and in a voice not the most steady, answered, "we have." The Clerk—How say you, do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?

CORRESPONDENCE.

National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24, 1877. EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—In my last letter I had occasion to mention the resignation from the college, of one of our fellow students, and now his place has been supplied by a new one from South Carolina. This student has an interesting history, and one that is worthy of recording. He went to school until ten years of age, when he lost his hearing. Being prevented from attending school afterwards by his infirmity, he was put to work on a farm, and continued there until a short time ago, when he came to this city on a visit to some of his friends. He had been living within two miles of our college without knowing it, until one of his friends mentioned it to him; when he heard of this college, he was so anxious to enter it that he could not wait another year. Although he had been engaged at work ever since he became deaf, he did not sit down and lament his misfortune, but on the contrary, applied himself earnestly to the improvement of his mind by reading and studying; a course of conduct most heartily to be commended. It would be well if other deaf-mutes would follow his example, and read more and talk less in signs. Nowhere else, but in books and papers, can they learn to understand the proper construction of language and to correct their twisted English. Why do they not take advantage of this means of improving their minds, since it lies within their easy reach? This student from South Carolina is not the only addition to our number; we are expecting two or three others within two weeks. Our number will be considerably swelled next year to judge from the stream of applications that is flowing from every part of the Union. There will be room enough for one and all, when our new building is completed, as it is expected to be on the first of October next. Work is now being rapidly pushed forward, and if Congress should vote to give us an appropriation before the present session is over, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that, in point of beauty and grandeur, our College Hall will be second to none in this broad land.

Mrs. Isaac Lewis Peet, wife of the well-known principal of the New York Institution, has been staying in this city for a few days. She did us the honor to pay our college a visit. We regret very much that she was unable to accept our invitation to attend the theatrical entertainment on the 22d, as this was our only opportunity of showing our respect for her. She spent Sunday evening at the house of Prof. Fay, and the students from New York were smart enough not to lose this chance of seeing her, but made her happy with a visit.

The students were made alternately happy and unhappy, on St. Valentine's day, by the receipt of good and bad caricatures. It must be confessed that they received more of the latter than of the former, and some of them were quite appropriate and suited their cases exactly. As for instance, our captain was presented with a caricature of a base ball player with a swollen nose, bugged-up eyes and bruised hands. Others, whose thoughts were bent too much on the girls, received a picture of a girl dancing on their brain.

Our entertainment on the 22d was one of the best, if not the very best, ever given in this college. Everyone who witnessed it, agrees in saying that it fairly surpassed all other entertainments we have had before, so excellent was the acting. There were three acts in all and they occupied about three hours. Two of them were entirely new to us and had never been played here before. The third was the same that has been played year after year on our stage, viz: The House in an uproar, or the Four Lovers, but this play was nevertheless thought to be the best of the three, on account of the daring feats of the clown, who was represented by Robert King, of Ohio. In the play, the clown once astonished the policeman who was chasing him, and the audience who were looking on, by leaping through a window several feet from the ground. The pretty coquette who was the innocent cause of all the uproar, was Wm. A. Jackson of New York. He played his assumed character to perfection, breaking more hearts than those of the four lovers; but he could not have shown himself to better advantage in any other role than that of a girl who had nothing to do but flirt. He has some good natural abilities as an actor. Chester Q. Mann, by his antics and clever imitation of the negro character, made himself a continual source of laughter to the audience, some of whom asked if he was a real flesh and blood negro hired for the occasion. Robert Zeigler, from Pennsylvania, in his character of old man, and Arthur D. Bryant in that of his wife, proved themselves a well-matched couple, and there is no doubt that when they come to old age, they will know how to behave with dignity and propriety. Their representation of old age was beyond criticism, and their dresses, which were quite in keeping with their assumed characters, added much to the merriment of the occasion. Zeigler, however, outdid himself as a dandy exquisite, creating a meretricious by his amusing mishaps and unsuccessful love-making. What added to the interest of our entertainment, were two duels, one fought with pistols and the other with swords. Frank R. Gray, of Illinois, in trying to imitate Bennett in the Bennett-May affair was unlucky enough to get himself killed, and in the opinion of many ladies present, it served him quite right, for their entire sympathy was with the handsome young sailor, the course of whose love was not allowed to run smooth. E. R. Carroll, of Ohio, in his representation of a policeman, created much diversion among the spectators,

with his huge badge and cap with a brim of gigantic size. We had several new attractions for our pantomime in the shape of scenes painted by Bryant and King.

Some people from the city, who had been invited, told us that they thought they would not be able to understand our acting, and would be compelled to ask us for explanations, but they were agreeably surprised to find that they could understand almost everything that was said or done. Thanks to the wise management of W. L. Waters, from Conn., the whole affair was a success. To its shame be it said that the Literary Society had nothing whatever to do with the entertainment. It was managed wholly by the students of the college.

STUDENT.

One Reclaimed Deaf-mute Typpler.

GENEVA, N. Y., Feb. 24th, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I will give you an account of the career of Albert C. Gordon, a deaf-mute of Geneva. While he was a student in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, he had no taste for intoxicating liquors. When he had finished his education he left school and returned home, glad to again meet his parents and friends. He was quick to understand and write, and used good English in conversation. After about a year, some bright-eyed friends began to treat him occasionally to rich liquors. He first resisted the temptation of taking the glass, but finally yielded, and soon began to partake of intoxicating liquors quite often. He was occasionally seen drunk, and commonly left by others in his helpless condition. When drunk he never became angry at insults offered him. He was agreeable and pleasant in his disposition. He finally began to think of the misery he had been through during the past few years. Some very nice young ladies told him if he would stop drinking they would surely kiss him, as a reward for being a better man. He swore he would drink intoxicating liquors no more. He feels certain that if he had always left drinking alone, he could have saved from \$1,000 to \$2,000. He has not drunk any liquor since the last day of November. Many friends and relatives are very glad to see him becoming a sober and noble spirited gentleman. He has decided to become a Son of Temperance. He has signed the temperance pledge.

The editors and foreman of the paper upon which he works, call him an intelligent and excellent printer—one of the best in Geneva. He has always been and is still a popular fellow among the ladies in Geneva, Syracuse, Rochester, Oxford and other places, and is well known as a kind-hearted fellow. I hope he will become even more popular among the people of Geneva than he used to be. I think Mr. Gordon is the first signer of the temperance pledge among the deaf-mutes here. I hope that many deaf-mute drinkers will follow his good example, and abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

C. KREBS.

A Deaf-Mute Female Lecturer.

Last night I arrived here from Worcester in time to go to John A. Andrew's Hall to hear Mrs. Lynde, wife of Mr. William Lynde, who delivered a lecture on perseverance, and illustrating it by the story of a little kitten, an account of which would be interesting to your readers if time and space would permit. We were much pleased with her lecture, and it reflected much credit upon her. She is a good lady and is much esteemed by all who know her.

Yours truly, JOB TURNER.

Boston, Mass., March 1, 1877.

Death of Jonathan Mayhew.

This morning I received a letter from Mrs. West, of Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, in which she informed me of the death of Jonathan Mayhew. He was found dead in his bed, by his father, at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst. He had been afflicted with hard fits for twenty years. He was thirty-three years old, and was educated at the American Institution. He was a nice young man, a good Christian, and a member of the Congregational Church.

Yours sincerely, JOB TURNER.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 23, 1877.

Obituary.

JOHN ROBERT MCKIM.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the same day that Ithiel Parkhurst died, (17th inst.) Mr. John Robert McKim also died of consumption, aged thirty-two years, one month and twelve days. He was a deaf-mute, and a graduate of the Indiana Institution, and a brother-in-law of Prof. S. J. Vail, a teacher in said Institution. He had been troubled with that most dreadful disease, consumption, for two or three years, but had not been very sick or confined to his room until about three or four weeks before his death. He was the third member of the same family who has died on the same day of the week with the same disease. It is not common that so large a number of the same family die on the same day with the same disease. He died on the morning of that day at about the same hour the others did. The night previous to his death, he was thought by all to be dying, and a telegram was sent to Mr. Vail, who accordingly made arrangements to take the morning train down to Madison, but later at night he received another telegram to the effect that John was somewhat better, and it was unnecessary to come down then. But in the morning following another telegram came announcing the sad news of John's death. Mrs. Vail, sister of the deceased, being unwell, was not able to stand the journey. She has been quite an invalid for nearly a year. John was conscious to the last, and showed great familiarity with all

kinds of subjects during his sickness and all say his conversations were very interesting and entertaining. He talked about religion all the time. He would talk to those who knew the sign language by signs and to others through his sisters. During Mr. Vail's visit there before, he would talk all the time about his days at the institution, and the past and present welfare of it. He would ask Mr. Vail some questions about the institution, then make some very wise suggestions as to how he would do if he could live over his earlier days again.

The night previous to his death he said to his sisters that there was no doctor in the world who could make him walk, and he knew he should die soon—"I am ready and willing to die." When any one of the family would weep at his bedside he would say to them, "Weep not for me. I will go home and when you die you will meet me there—so, therefore, weep not but be cheerful." What sweet words and consoling assurances they were to a Christian people! And how happy and assured they must have felt! And how much more they were willing that he should go than have him stay and suffer pain! There was a motto in a frame on the wall above his bed with the following words: "He leadeth me." This was a special study for John; he would study it every day and say to every one that came to his bed that "He leadeth me," referring to Jesus Christ, and that he was at peace. Whenever he would talk about religion, he would refer to the "Taking of the water of life," and the funeral sermon was preached about his faith taking hold of the promise which is found in the 23d chapter and 17th verse of the Revelations, and especially that part which alludes to "taking the water of life." It seemed to him to be an inspiration, and his soul being fed on Christ, he had an experience that enable him to meet death with peace and joy. He was a clearly converted Christian. He united with the Trinity M. E. Church, of Madison, on the 22d of Jan., 1877, by the pastor of that church, Rev. C. Tinsley, who after that called frequently to see John and prayed for his request.

A few minutes before he breathed his last, he awoke from a sleep and was looking up towards the ceiling intently, and in a moment remarked that he saw two doves fighting and called the attention of all to it, and the next moment he said they were through fighting, and that the bad one was vanquished, and the other one that was triumphant entered the arch of peace and rest. The last time he spoke was when his breakfast was brought to him, and he said he was not hungry and wanted to sleep, and so he fell asleep in Jesus, never to awake again in this life.

The funeral took place on Monday following, the details of which are given in the following words of the *Madison Daily Evening Star*:

The earthly remains of John Robert McKim were laid to rest yesterday. The funeral was unostentatious, but solemn and deeply impressive. The body of the poor deaf and dumb lay in a casket covered with pure white flowers, and as the winter's sun sifted through the soft curtains and fell upon his quiet face, he who lay there seemed but in a peaceful sleep. All who knew the dead boy loved him; he had not an enemy on earth, and died the death of a perfect Christian. What more can be said? The services in the chamber of death commenced by the sweetest voices, soft, melodious and perfect, sounding like a mass in Heaven held by angels. "O, come to the Fountain," was first sung, the voice being Miss Hattie McLeland and Miss Emma Dold, supernas; Miss Dora McCoy, alto; Mr. G. P. Mellen, bass, and Mr. J. H. McCoy, tenor. They also sang "There is a Light in the Valley," and "The Sweet By-and-By." The Rev. Robert T. Matthews, of the Christian Church, read, in a finely modulated voice an appropriate chapter from the Bible, and the Rev. Henry Keigwin followed with prayer. The Rev. Chas. Tinsley made some touching remarks, giving a short sketch of the life of the deceased, and the exercises at the house were followed by remarks from the Rev. L. D. Adkinson, who finished with prayer. The pall-bearers, Messrs. Will McLeland, Frank Powell, Henry Shannon, Samuel Thompson, Robert Graham, and Norval Verry, took the body to the planned hearse and followed it to the grave. To the writer, as with all who knew him, the deceased was a warm friend. We now remember with particular delight that we once met him in another city, and the gleam of joy and recognition that flashed over his face when he met us will never be forgotten. Hour after hour have we profitably spent with him in earnest and pleasant talk with the slate and pencil. What a world has opened before this one who has gone before! He now hears and speaks, and in God's eternal home he has his resting-place.

John R. McKim was born on the 5th of Jan., 1845. At the age of ten he entered the Institution for educating the Deaf and Dumb, and remained there nine terms. While he was at school he learned of the cabinet trade, but on leaving the institution he commenced the art of printing in the office of the *Madison Daily Courier*. The *Courier* thus speaks of him while he was employed in that office:

"John Robert McKim was a most exemplary young man, possessing every quality of the true gentleman combined with the simplicity and inoffensiveness of a child. He was for a time compositor in this office, and by his gentle disposition and his fidelity to every obligation won the esteem of his employers and his brother craftsmen. For the past two years he was a partner in the firm of R. McKim & Co., in the coal business, where his sterling integrity was appreciated by all who met him in business transactions. His death elicits the warmest sympathies for the family from not only their large circle of friends, but the general public."

Philadelphia Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 20, 1877. EDITOR JOURNAL:—At the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institution, on the evening of Feb. 10th, a tea party was given to the girls as a reward for diligence in their domestic duties, by Miss Gertrude Kirby, the matron of that institution. The table was bountifully supplied with boiled ham, hot biscuit, preserved apples, sliced oranges with grated cocoanut, different kinds of cake, etc. The girls did ample justice to the repast, but were sorry that the boys did not have such a good time also. This was the first tea party ever given in the institution.

Mr. Henry Hartman, aged 65 years, an old graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Mutes, under Principals Weld and Hutton, died last Thursday morning, after having been in poor health for thirty years, leaving his mute brother alone. He had one brother and two sisters, all mutes, and two sisters died eight years ago. The funeral expenses were paid by the contributions from the mutes at the meeting of the Guild last Thursday night, and also at the communion service last Sunday morning. Rev. W. H. Syle held the funeral services last Sunday, and they were well attended. Deceased was interred in the Odd-Fellows Cemetery.

A large number of mutes were in attendance at the room of St. Stephen's Chapel, under the auspices of the Ephratha Guild, on Thursday night last, to hear Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. He spoke of his travels, including sundry incidents, on his way to Cleveland, Ohio, to witness the examination of Mr. A. W. Mann before the time of ordination to Deaconship, and also afterwards to present him to Bishop Bedell, who ordained him.

Mrs. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was present at that meeting, and has been in this city for a few days.

Mrs. Marple's salve is well known to be pronounced an excellent and sure remedy for any disease or wound among the mutes of Pennsylvania as well as hearing people. By this Mrs. Mary A. Paulin gains her living. She is a deaf-mute widow, living at 1222 Hamilton street, Philadelphia, and also an old graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, under the Principalship of Clero, Weld and Hutton. It was invented by her grandmother in Germany, and sold for fifty years. Doctors and other persons have often endeavored by means of money to persuade her to give the recipe for this salve, but, as a sacred secret, she refuses it. She is as busy as ever, notwithstanding the hard times.

Mr. Joseph J. Stevenson, a mute, has held several offices in the Mute Association for years, and also in the Ephratha Guild of St. Stephen's Church. He is a car inspector in the depot of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Where is there another mute holding such a position? It is very dangerous for the mutes to go and work inside, as one hundred trains pass in and out daily. Mr. Stevenson has to keep his eyes open to see for himself if all is clear for him to go and inspect the cars.

On the 8th of this month, Prof. Burnside, of the Pennsylvania Institute, delivered a lecture about the life of John Milton, the celebrated poet, before the Association. His effort was well spoken of. He was listened to by a large audience of both sexes, and received much applause.

ECLIPSE.

Letter from P. W. Packard.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—John Kitto, a great writer, once said that, after he had been talking of his literary habits and feelings, and his hopes of great usefulness in a literary way, his friends would cry out, "Oh, Kitto! you think yourself a great literary man, and a man of great talent, a genius. It is clear that you want to be an author and to shine." So it seems to be the feeling and sentiment of some of my acquaintances in these days, after the writer of this had been working for the benefit of the deaf-mutes, and feeling and hoping he had been of some use in a spiritual way, and in writing for the JOURNAL, they exclaim, "Oh, Philo! you think yourself a great worker, an evangelist or preacher, a popular man and an able writer for the JOURNAL." I think they judge me too harshly and jealously. It is nothing of the sort I seek or crave. I have no peculiar talent, nor do I seek it, for I agree with Kitto, who said, "It would do me more harm than good. I only think that I have a certain degree of industry, which makes me an instrument of usefulness; of greater usefulness, perhaps, than mere talent can enable any man to be." I work that others may be benefited and glorify their Father, which is in heaven, and I write for the JOURNAL occasionally that your readers may know what is going on in this part of the world, and that those who are lonely in their homes may rejoice at the good news in spiritual matters, and that those mutes who are together in one place or city may have a desire cherished in their hearts and desire to establish the worship of God among themselves, like those of Lowell, Worcester, Salem and other places. Shall I hide my labors under a bushel?

In spite of such serious impressions, I shall go on with my work as it seemeth good in the sight of my Heavenly Father, and to write an account of another pastoral visit to this place, if acceptable to you, Mr. Editor. I am here over 250 miles away from where my family is. Came here on Saturday last, on my mission to deaf-mutes. My relatives, family, home and friends are powerful attractions, and it requires no small efforts on my part to break from them except in some important cases, to spread the Gospel to poor sinners. If it were not for my love which prompts my pastoral visits to this city, I would not have come here. My visits to this city have been, "like those

of angels' visits, few and far between." The old paths, roads and highways carry me back to old times when I wandered among them in pursuit of pleasure, and they also remind me of the footsteps of Thomas J. Chamberlain, now a professor at Rome N. Y.; D. Ballin, a celebrated engraver of New York city; R. K. Kavanaugh, of Missouri; Mr. Monfort, and several others. Later it brings to my mind remembrances of the Old South Church, where the platform was built directly over the bones of George Whitefield, and can be visited by any one, and in whose vestry I used to have the pleasure of conducting services some years ago. Everybody is familiar with that great preacher, Whitefield, who, I suppose, ever would say:

"Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie."

This is the place where I started the worship of God among our class of people, and it was fostered by mute apostles, such as Brother Marsh, Lynde, Rowe and others, until the fall of 1876, the residents organized a society called the "Newburyport Deaf-mute Society," under the efficient and constant labors of Prof. R. H. Atwood, who deserves the honor and is gaining the confidence of the citizens and his mute friends. The officers of the society are as follows: L. S. Coffin, Secretary, E. Richardson, Treasurer. The Society is reported successful thus far in its fund. The professor is still out of his profession and should be booked down by the institutions for their next teacher. I wish it success also in a spiritual fund. Generally he is their preacher. Am glad to see him busy with his Master in the vineyard here and elsewhere like the other brethren. He has good judgment in handling his subjects. I do not think the labor is to be confined to ministers of the gospel, though they must undoubtedly devote themselves more exclusively to it, since it is their appropriate daily calling. It is the duty of every disciple to make disciples. Let everyone that heareth or rather that seeth and understandeth say "Come." It would be well if Christians at home were guided more implicitly by the example of those who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. Every disciple (mute too, of course), of Christ is commanded meekly and lovingly to urge the necessity of coming to Christ.

On my arrival at the depot here, I had the pleasure of meeting one of my old friends, by the name of John Poor, who now owns a house, through the industry of his own hands; he kindly escorted me to the place where I had previously been invited to stop. I was told that Brother Atwood had just stepped into a train for Boston where they expected his services at John A. Andrews' hall.

On entering, the hostess gave me a hearty welcome, and we passed the evening pleasantly, and I hope to each other's profit. Next morning I held services before the Society, and took the same sermon I had given at Lowell the past week with little alteration and addition. Their countenances and appearance indicated a thirst after righteousness and truth. They seemed not to be "hearers only, but meant to be doers also." In the p. m. we again met and had the pleasure of conducting the Bible Class, and those present appear to be real Bereans, who mean to search, mean to know more and more, willing to be taught, which is the true way of success in the knowledge of God's word. Judging by their appearance and actions, the members are affectionate with each other, and try to honor each other.

During my stay in this place I experienced great kindness and hospitality in the family of R. H. Atwood, and received proofs of Christian affection from some other friends. We had, I can truly say, a most joyful gathering. I commend myself and my mission work to the sympathy and the prayers of the Christian readers and brethren of the JOURNAL.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

P. W. PACKARD.

Newburyport, Jan. 15, 1877.

New York and Vicinity Notes.

New York, Feb. 25th, 1877. Everybody was to have a nice time on Washington's birthday, and celebrate it in some way or other, so we decided not to be outdone in this respect. A surprise was proposed to Mrs. W. Jenkins and Mrs. F. Jewell, whose husbands you will remember are teachers at the New York Institution, and was heartily agreed upon, provided the weather would permit. It was also resolved that no one but those enjoying single blessedness should be included in the invitation, and Mrs. T. Gallaudet was appointed to manage the surprise. This she readily consented to do and entered into all our plans with the zeal of a young girl.

The day was a beautiful one. The party, which was a small and selected one, met at the depot of the H. R. R. in W. 30th St., to take the 4:30 p. m. train for Manhattanville, where the young ladies reside with Mrs. Van De Water, mother of Mrs. W. Jenkins. Much regret was felt at the non-appearance of Mrs. T. Gallaudet, who was still absent in Philadelphia, where she had gone on a brief visit to Grandmother Gallaudet, who, we learn with sorrow, is not quite so strong as usual. Mr. J. Loew, of Vienna, who had come from Philadelphia, in the morning train for express purpose, was warmly welcomed. We were also very glad to see Miss Nellie Franklin, who is making her friend, Miss A. Isham, a month's visit. Everybody remarked how well Miss E. Clapp was looking—she having recently arrived from a long and pleasant sojourn in Troy. We soon reached M. and proceeded cautiously towards the house, which is situated on the banks of the Hudson. The young ladies, who had come out on the piazza for a breath of fresh air, espied us and were completely taken by sur-

prise. Mrs. Van DeWater, who had been let into the secret, warmly welcomed us. Also Mr. Jenkins who never by word, look or action betrayed our confidence, and his wife laughingly declared that it was the first secret he ever had from her. After relieving ourselves of our wraps, we descended to the parlors. The first shock of the surprise had hardly died away when the folding doors at the other end of the parlor mysteriously opened, and a table was disclosed to view loaded with good things, which every one did justice to. "Give me your hand," said one of the gentlemen present, to a young lady who sat on his right, seizing a teaspoon of his, filled with hot coffee. She ignored his real meaning, and looking up mischievously in his face, replied, "No, sir, not without my heart." This caused a laugh at his expense.

There was to be a masquerade party at the institution and it was suggested to spend the remainder of the evening there, so off we flew for our mufflers, and soon were in the open air. It was a beautiful night. The stars shone in matchless grandeur, which furnished us a splendid light for our walk.

Upon arriving at the Institution, we found that all were in the girls' spacious sitting-room, where the maskers were exhibiting themselves, and truly it was a gay scene. No doubt your readers will be furnished with a full account of the affair by your regular institution correspondent, so I will not say anything more upon the subject. As Mr. Loew had to return to Philadelphia by the midnight train, we thought it best to take our leave, and so the party broke up. It was pronounced a snug little affair. The old lumbering stage coach, that had many a time borne us to the city while we were pupils of Old Fanwood, took us again along the familiar road, and we soon left the sleepy old village far behind.

The manager, Miss Katie Howard, had sent an invitation to a young man living in the eastern portion of the city to be present, never dreaming that another messenger had been there before her, and summoned him across the dark river into the Silent Land. Abraham M. Lowenfels was not much known among the deaf-mutes here, having left the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes, about a year ago. And Miss H. had hoped by inviting him to make him acquainted with more. She was hardly prepared for the notice she saw in the *Herald*, of his death, and thought it best to withhold the fact from the rest of the party. He was a semimute of more than ordinary intelligence and possessed great social qualities. He died on Monday, the 19th, after a short illness, at the age of twenty years. Only twenty, with everything to make life beautiful to him! I know that his friends will be pained to hear of the sad event, and join with the with the writer in tendering their sympathy to the bereaved parents.

"DREAMING IOLANTHE."

Salem Notes.

Behold, I bring your readers glad tidings of great joy. God has blessed our society with three new converts. On Sunday, Feb. 8th, our usual Bible class was held under my charge. The topic was Elijah and his Sacrifice. In the afternoon Bro. G. A. Holmes, of Boston, spoke about the Ten Virgins, to which good attention was given. A prayer meeting was held at our rooms in the evening, at which remarks were made by Bro. Holmes, myself and others. One of our members came forward, and with much emotion told what a great sinner he felt himself to be, and said he did not know how and could not pray, and asked us to pray that he might be taught how. I knelt down near him and prayed that God would give him light and help him look to the cross and to cling to it. Brother Holmes and Brother Southwick followed, and also my little son, who had often prayed for him before, and asked him to come to Jesus. A few moments of silence then followed, and it came to pass that he, that was a drunkard, rose up and said with a bright countenance, "I now believe in Jesus Christ," and behold he prayed for the first time. The Spirit touched the heart of another one and he burst into tears and embraced his converted brother and came forward saying he was told to "look unto Him and be saved," to forsake his sins and become a new man. He asked for our prayers which were given and in a few minutes behold he also prayed. Another one was affected to tears at the scene before him, and was obliged to go into the next room. Our leader followed him and found him weeping bitterly. He brought him back among us, and he soon found relief. Our attention was next turned to another much respected man who had not the courage to "stand up for Jesus." Our first converted brother went to him and said: "Will you go to Jesus with me to-night?" Verily I believe the Holy Spirit was with us that evening, but the last friend remained unmoved at all our entreaties, and we were obliged to leave him in God's hands to do as he thinks best with him. Our meeting closed a little after 10 p. m., being one of the most interesting we have ever had. I hear joyful news from the new Boston Society. Prof. R. H. Atwood was there the 8th, and reports two converts at their prayer meeting. May the good work go on, and Lowell, Lawrence, Newburyport, Worcester, and Saco receive a good share of the glorious work, and not be backward in reporting the same, but let their light shine that others may see their way out of darkness into light and rejoice and be exceeding glad for great will be their reward.

OCCASIONAL.

Feb. 24th, 1877. —An exchange says that flour thrown on burning oil will quench the flames instantly.

Boston and Vicinity Notes.

It seems that the surprise parties are in vogue again here as elsewhere. On the evening of the 19th of June last, a large company of mute friends, well armed with presents, marched in procession to the residence of Chas. P. Wise, in Cambridgeport, took him and his good wife completely by surprise, and congratulated them upon the tenth anniversary of their marriage. On recovering from the surprise, the host and hostess cordially welcomed the guests and thanked them for the numerous presents brought to them.

A bountiful collection was partaken of and the evening was pleasantly spent in a general interchange of congratulations and in social games. It was along in the small hours when the guests went home, well satisfied that the social tin wedding was a successful affair.

On the evening of the 2d of February last, in East Cambridge, a very large number of the relatives and mute friends assembled at the residence of Miss Mary E. Murphy, one of our most popular and intelligent young ladies, to give her a surprise party, which proved to be one of the pleasantest of the season. Her sister skillfully sent her out on an errand, and let the guests in during her absence, and then the house was kept in darkness.

On returning home, she was completely surprised on finding herself besieged by so many familiar faces, when the light was turned up. She warmly greeted her guests, and was made happy at being the recipient of many useful presents. Refreshments in abundance were served and a thoroughly enjoyable evening passed away in various amusements and enjoyments. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning, when the guests departed for their homes. It was a successful surprise party.

On the evening of the 5th of February last, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Allard, of Cambridge, celebrated their crystal wedding at their residence. A good number of the mute friends met together in response to the invitations. There were many good presents given to the host and hostess. An excellent supper was served and the guests enjoyed themselves in various games and conversation till late in the night, when they took their departure. Everybody had a good time.

On the evening of the 13th of February last, a large and intelligent party of mute friends went together to surprise Mr. Wm. Lynde, at his residence, in Boston, an account of which was published in your issue of the 22d of Feb. last. I need not write more about it.

On the 22d of Feb. last, the Boston mutes held a social entertainment in the rooms of the New England Deaf-Mute Mission, 443 Washington St. A fair sized audience assembled there to celebrate Washington's birthday. They passed the night pleasantly in dances, social games &c., and a good supper was served. Most of the audience kept their eyes open through the entire night. The entertainment was rather a tame affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellridge A. Wellington, of Boston, have just returned here from a visit to Liverpool, England, where they have been stopping for several weeks.

The favorable weather has continued through the entire month of February, with the exception of one cold day.

BOSTONIAN.

Boston, March 1, 1877.

Inauguration Day.

President Hayes and Vice-President Wheeler were formally inaugurated yesterday at the Capitol, having been escorted thither by a large procession of troops and civil organizations. Mr. Wheeler took the oath first in the Senate Chamber. President Hayes took the oath in the open air at the east front of the Capitol in the presence of from 15,000 to 20,000 people. The inaugural address was heartily applauded. Both to and from the Capitol, President Hayes was cheered by the people in the street almost continuously. At night there was a torchlight parade and a reception at Willard's Hotel in honor of the President, which he attended about twenty minutes.

THE INAUGURAL.

President Hayes delivered his inaugural address from the steps of the Capitol at Washington yesterday. It was principally devoted to the Southern question. He reiterated what he said in his letter of acceptance, and declared for local self-government in the South, based upon a hearty recognition of equal rights and the constitutional amendments and annexation of the color line in politics. He declared for a thorough civil service reform, for resumption of specie payments, an amendment making the Presidential term six years, and the President thereafter to be ineligible. He expressed admiration of the principle of arbitration, which had been carried out in the settlement of the Alabama claims and the Presidential contest.—*N. Y. Tribune, Monday.*

—The outside of the Adams Herald for March 2d was pined. All printers know how to sympathize with them in such a mishap.

—The Hayes and Wheeler flag was hoisted on Saturday and has waved triumphantly several days in honor of President Hayes' election.

—Those having horses to exercise have been making good use of the ice on Salmon Creek. The track is splendid, and no pitch holes.

—Tom Preman's dog jumped through a glass in J. R. Norton's store the other day. Tom says he don't believe his dog ever saw a glass before.

Facts and Fancies.

Strong butter—A billy goat.
Its days are numbered—A calendar.
Don't get "short" if you want to get along.
Wagon wheels cannot run without being tired.

Very unsatisfactory bread—The roll of fame.

We often find an eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

A man who ran against Time sustained a serious concussion.

When ought mariners to have fruit at sea?—When they storm the currents.

A fur Cape—The Cape of Good Hope. N. B.—This is fur fetched.

An amendment to the constitution—A wooden leg.

Eloping women are said to belong to the hooking-laddy company.

A Vermonter, who had 3,874 fits, is a living proof of the survival of the fittest.

Why they call a sensational report a "canard" is because one can hardly believe it, you know.

A late book is entitled "Half Hours with insects." What a lively half-hour one can have with a bee!

'Neath drowsy drone of pulpit tone some listeners close their peepers, but 'tis a very proper thing for laymen to be sleepers.

Dr. Lashington being told a story, said, "Since you were an eye witness I am bound to believe it; but I would not believe it if I had seen it myself."

An English tourist asked the brother of Canova, the sculptor, after the latter's death, if he "intended to carry on the business."

"Can you see me, dearest?" said a Chicago man to his dying wife. "Tell me, can you see me?" "No, she faintly whispered, "but I can smell your breath."

A rural editor, in describing the oratoria of "Esther," beautifully says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes."

When a man is treating a dashing widow to oysters, and sees his wife coming into the restaurant, about all he can do is to button his coat, and hang to his chair, and trust Providence.

A man inaneely spoiled a sermon and prayer by exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Lord, Thou knowest I have been an awful sinner—the chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely."

A Newark husband who, when he courted his wife, was constantly sighing for the "Sweet bye-and-bye," doesn't think so much of it now that it has arrived. He complains that it has been buy and buy until he is about disgusted.

"Now, my boy," said an examiner, "if I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear." "The plate," shouted the boy.

Young man wants to be an editor.—Canst thou draw up levitation with a book thou lettest down? Canst thou hook up great ideas from the depths of thine intellect, and clean, scale and fry them on five minutes notice? Canst thou write editorial to measure? Canst thou write editorial to fit in a three-quarter column of the paper, which shall be in length just twenty-two inches, having three inches of fine sentiment, four inches from the beginning, and nine inches of humor in the middle, and an outburst of maxims and precept nine and three-quarter inches long at the close?—Graphic.

"Some visitors are coming, and you must keep a little still this afternoon," remarked a Chicago teacher to her pupils one day lately.

"We can't keep a little 'still,' or a big one either," chimed in one lad, "leastwise we can't unless we pay a government license!"

The teacher then remembered that the boy was the son of a former revenue defaulter, and pardoned his remark.

The Duke of Aosta, formerly Amadeus I, King of Spain, is thought at Turin to have become partially insane since the death of his duchess. He walks every morning in the subterranean vaults of the Superga, among which his wife is interred, and sings in a low tone litanies to the Virgin. The rest of the day he spends in the Church of St. Philip, praying or hearing the catechism recitations of the children.

THE SEA.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its numbers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the great ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on forever.

—Rev. J. H. McGahan preached in the Mullen Hill schoolhouse last Sunday afternoon.

A four-horse load of Mexico people, ladies and gentlemen, visited at Allen Rulison's Friday evening. They were not exactly a serenading party, but the singing was just as refreshing as if they had been, as they passed up the street. Several strong and fine voices, both male and female were noticeable. We suspect that E. E. Rulison was among them, and he and his friends received a happy welcome from his parents. Which one of the girls in that joyous load it is, we can't tell. We doubt if his mother can—so shy are big boys!—*Parish Mirror.*

We learn from a private, though quite reliable source, that the present pastor of the Baptist Church here is about to engage in a very *four* business. A suitable edifice has been erected for the purpose, Messrs. Walworth and McChesney being supervising architects. Several birds have already taken up their abode therein, and "still there's more to follow." Let the parties who are to make up the quota, forward their winged bipeds at once.

"Exploring waist places," said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chambermaid. "Navigation of the air," said Mrs. Henry, overhearing him, and sailing into his raven curls.

"You bachelorsought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial. "I agree with you perfectly, ma'am," was the reply, "bachelorism is certainly a luxury."

A young lady advertises in the Paris papers that she has 600,000 francs, and would like to marry. Applicants, however, must enclose a postage stamp. The prospect for a harvest of postage stamps is good.

Stable-keeper—"By the way, shall I put in an extra buffalo?" English blood—"Couldn't you let me have an orp, you know? Erre rather not drive a buffalo first time, you know."

—Commissioner Ladd has been trading horses, and has a nice-looking pony now.

—Lost, a cuff button. The finder will be rewarded by leaving the same at this office.

—February has indeed been very lamb like. Look out for roaring lions next month.

—To-day is the first day of the first spring month of 1877. Are you not glad we told you?

—Ned J. Stone is home from Baldwinville on a brief visit. Sumner Orvis is also here, from Rome.

—Mr. Chester Dickinson, hardware merchant, of Pulaski, spent last Sunday with Commissioner Ladd.

—Will G. Stone arrived home last week from Bellevue Hospital College, looking hale and hearty.

—S. L. Alexander took an ugly tumble down stairs in his barn the other day. Fortunately he escaped serious injury.

—Geo. H. Goodwin has been improving his front yard, by having some of those large locust trees removed therefrom.

—We are glad to see upon our streets again James M. Brown, C.B. Thompson and John Preman, all of whom have been quite ill.

—Rev. D. M. Rankin, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lion, will supply the Presbyterian pulpit in this place next Sunday.

—H. M. Bard is expecting to canvas this county for Eddy and Foster's Milk pan, and he considers the outlook favorable for sales.

—When you come here to vote next Tuesday, we shall be glad to have you give us a call and settle for the Independent.

—The next quarterly meeting of the Oswego county Free Will Baptists will be held at the church in Phoenix, commencing to-morrow (Friday).

—On account of the caucus on Saturday afternoon, the regular monthly Covenant meeting of the Baptist Church will be held on Friday at 1 o'clock P. M.

—We are pleased to learn that Messrs. Eddy and Foster are still meeting with gratifying success in disposing of territorial rights for their Patent Milk Pan.

—John Berry (our foreman), Mrs. Berry, and their five little Berrys, had a fine sleigh-ride last Saturday. They went six miles in the short space of three hours. John likes sleigh-riding.

—From what we hear of the sale of cows in this vicinity, we should judge they are bringing a fair price, considering the scarcity of money and the price of dairy products.

—Fred. Toller, wishing to observe the sanctity of the Sabbath, will not cut that big squash next Sunday (March 4th), but on the 5th inst., he says it will be cut and distributed.

—Hon. C. R. Skinner made his friends here a brief visit during the recent recess of our State Legislature. "Charley" is as good-looking as ever and seems to bear the "burdens of State" with becoming dignity.

—The Amphion glee club went to Pulaski last Thursday in the Fulton Stage. When returning home in the "wee sma'" hours of Friday morning, the stage tipped over giving the occupants quite a jostling, but injuring no one.

—Dan. Vorhees denies he had an interview with Conkling on political subjects.

NORTH VOLNEY.

Your correspondent, "Even," in the last issue of the INDEPENDENT, says that I had a chance to marry a couple recently. I "own the corn" without further parley. A young gent and his would-be "better half" came to my house on the day mentioned for the express purpose of being married. There happened to be a good crust at the time, and they being good pedestrians, had exercised themselves somewhat to reach the new state of matrimony.

They visited the house of a Justice in the first place, but it happened that he had been called to Oswego with the noble 300, on the Greenfield matter. When they reached my house they had traveled about five miles, as nearly as I could learn, and yet seemed good-for as many miles more. They said to me that several persons had told them that a notary could marry, but I told them it was a mistake, as I could not. They then left rather disheartened, I thought; but they have since been made happy by Rev. J. A. Cosgrove, of Peck's Mills, being, I am informed, the first couple he ever married.

The Greenfield trial, I notice, is progressing finely, with Judge Merwin on the bench.

Mrs. Partrick, of this place, whose arm was broken last Tuesday at Mexico, is doing well. She came home the same day of the accident, and the next day went visiting. She is a woman of energy, and don't stop for trifles.

North Volney, Feb. 24, 1877.

At a confession meeting during the late revival two persons, living near neighbors, who from some cause had not spoken together for seventeen years, were brought to see the folly of their ways, and kindly greeted each other with the warm grasp of the hand.

In our daily intercourse through life, we are often reminded of the fact that the temperaments and dispositions of persons are very dissimilar. Probably every town has in it a few persons who never control their tempers, the smallest pretext being sufficient to arouse their ire to boiling heat. They make it their special business to find fault with other people while they neglect to look in the glass themselves. Another class (we trust the number is comparatively small) get mad and nobody knows what they are mad about, yet it shows so plainly on their countenances as to furnish a living curiosity for the pencil of an artist.

This class reminds us of a story of a man describing another. He said "he has a very even disposition for he is as cross as the devil all the time." Nobody can tell whether the editor, doctor, minister, or school-teacher is the object of his spite, or whether it is somebody in the lumber walk of life; but it is enough to know that they are mad. They do not seem to realize that chronic madness is a dreadful scourge to the human race, and what untold mischief it has wrought between man and man in neighborhoods, churches, and communities. When a boy, we knew of a church where a quarrel began which lasted longer than the Greek and Trojan war and proved more disastrous than the wooden horse of the former. If Satan can get a man or body of men mad he is prepared to do a rushing business.

The people of this vicinity were greatly surprised on hearing the report last Wednesday, that Mrs. Partrick had broken her arm, while visiting in Mexico. She is as comfortable as can be expected and has the sympathy of the entire community.

Even.

North Volney, Feb. 26, 1877.

A Pleasant Surprise.

On Wednesday afternoon last, the 21st ult., Mrs. D. C. Morse received an invitation from her husband to take a little ride out and make a call—a very proper proposal indeed for any appreciative husband to make, and such he evidently is. They left their dwelling properly secured against the entrance of intruders; but on returning found that forcible possession had been obtained, and a goodly number of neighbors had gathered to remind Mrs. Morse that it was the anniversary of her birthday. A social hour or two were passed very pleasantly by the guests, when all were invited to a sumptuous repast for which preparation had been made by Mr. Morse in no secret manner that his wife had not received the slightest intimation of what was in progress. "All went merry as a marriage bell," and when the company separated, it was with hearty wishes that their fair hostess might live to see many happy returns of a day so enjoyable to all.

A Grave Warning.

One of our clerical friends informs us that he has been quite shocked at the intimation of a barbarous custom in our midst, indicated by the announcement on a certain sign-board—"Cash paid for Deacon skins." He tells us that while he has known some deacons who were a little refractory at times, he never saw any so completely demoralized, in his estimation, that they deserved to be skinned! He advises the worthy personages who bear that title, connected with our churches, not to be found in the vicinity of said sign, especially on a dark night, unless they be fully armed and equipped.

—W. C. Stone, of the Camden Advance, spent Sunday here.

—"Dip" Cold and Luther Conklin have been off on a visit to Brockport, N. Y.

The Oswego Times of Saturday says: "At a meeting of the shareholders of the Lake Ontario National Bank, held to-day, it was voted to close the bank."

Rev. W. F. Hemenway's Lecture.

Who cannot see in the ceaseless streams of stars the emblems of life? All shine with a light peculiar to themselves and all add something to the light of the world; some are so small that they scarcely can be seen and others so bright as to be almost dazzling. So with men—some have so little intelligence you scarcely would know you ever met them; others there are so great and noble that they fasten the gaze at once.

The great and noble are truly lords, and as every cluster of stars has its bright star, so every social circle has its lord or lords. Among these are the domestic lords, many of which style themselves "Lords of Creation." Although the minister, after extorting the most solemn vows, declares them one, it often takes a long time to find out which is the one.

I am aware that there are those who are inclined to ridicule woman, and that there are some women who do not deserve the name; yet I am persuaded that for the remembrance of mother, no man will speak ill of woman.

Minds that could grapple the knottiest problems and discern the hidden treasures of science, have found woman to be a puzzle. John Wesley, whose great mind knew no lord on earth, found it difficult to be pastor, teacher, advisor and lover.

All persons have lords to whom they pay homage, and to whom they look for example. The West Point cadet looks to Napoleon as his lord. The ambitious clerk, just entering upon a business career looks to A. T. Stewart; the railroad employee to Vanderbilt; the curb-stone broker on Wall St., to J. Gould; the students select some scholar as his lord; and every plow-boy has some neighboring plow-man whom he would rival.

I do not say that all who excel are lords, or all who bear the title are true lords. Jim Fisk was not a true lord, although he was successful, as some people judge success. Sir Francis Bacon, although a titled lord, was not a lord. He who could hold a bribe in each hand and use his talents and energy on the side of the heaviest bribes, could be no lord.

To be a lord one must possess the spirit of a lord, a spirit for the right. It is a lord who can stand before the world and declare for the right. It was a lord who stood before the council at Worms, when a whole empire was arrayed against one man, and to the question put to him, hereplied, "My conscience is heard in answer, I cannot, I will not recant." Such words, though small in themselves, ring through the valleys and over mountains, and to-day are examples to teach us to teach us to speak for the right. A blow for the right though struck by an infant's arm, has power that an angel might envy.

A lord is master, and he who seeks to be a master must be masterly; he must learn to be humble and work his way up. Alexander Hamilton declared that the only key he knew of to success was work, work, work! That was work, it was hard work, that gave men power to stop a beam of light in its course and make it divulge the character of its distant abode, the distance to that abode, and how long since it left it. It was work, it was hard work, that enabled Cyrus Field to connect continents by telegraph.

There is great need of preparation to be a master. There are those who despise apprenticeship and wait for a mastership, but it never comes. It is dangerous to build castles in the air and sport in day-dreams; they will vanish and leave the participant worse than at the beginning. It is stern necessity with which we must deal. The pearl in the necklace of the queen served its apprenticeship in the oyster shell; the diamond, in the dark coal. Too few men can wait to serve their time, to be masters. Hence so many poor leaders, and to-day the cry at the Capital, like the maidens' prayer, is "Give us any one only that he be a man." There are only a few men who can become masters at a bound; most of them are obliged step by step to climb the steep and rugged hill to success.

Many times men attain success only after a severe rebuke. They aspire to sudden fame and push forward; when the rebuke shows them their position then they begin their apprenticeship. The road to success is full of strife, and the masters must enter the strife and become strong. It is not humiliating to work or put on the garb of a laborer; a chief is a chief however clad or where-ever found.

PARISH.

Revival meetings still continue.

Common school are closing for the winter. There are more teachers than schools for this spring. We think it well for poor teachers to go into manual labor.

There is considerable talk about town meeting. There is an anxiety to elect a supervisor who will study economy for the people and not prolong the session of the Board of Supervisors, as has been done. There is a prospect that the temperance element in town will make itself felt at the coming town meeting. Unlike Mexico, doubtless the temperance people here will be as apt to support democrats as republicans, for we have democrats who are good temperance men. Probably both democrats and republicans will be supported by the temperance men.

Odd.

Parish, Feb. 26, 1877.

—We regret to learn that George W. Stone is again quite sick.

—The Presbyterian people of Redfield have secured the services of Rev. Mr. Greeley, of Orwell, for six months.

—Rev. G. T. LeBoutelier of Oneida, has accepted the call to the rectorship of Grace church, Watertown.

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